"I ONLY WANT ONE PUNCH." SAYS FIGHTER SHARKEY.

Although my contest with Jim Corbett is but a few hours off, I am just as confident as ever that I will stop him before the limit of our bout has been reached. I want to be the undefeated champion of the world some day, and my victory to-night will be one step nearer that title. I have met Corbett on one other occasion, memorable to the latter, and my experience in that encounter has given me a line on his fighting. I beat him in 'Frisco, and will beat him to-night, only this time it will be easier and more decisive. When I fought Corbett on the Coast I was comparatively a novice, yet I taught the ex-champion a lesson he will long remember. Since then I have met better men than Corbett, and they have all gone down before me.

Of course, I do not think Corbett is a cinch. He is a good, clever fellow, shifty on his feet, but that lets him out. Corbett will have no fancy boxer before him when he faces me, but a clever fighter, and the man who thinks I can't reach him is mistaken. I can hit any man in the world, and it would have been good for Corbett If he had requested the use of armor plates to cover his solar plexus. One blow is all I want, and that one will come sooner or later.

I have learned considerable about science since I have been with Tom O'Rourke, and the wise ones who think they know it all will be surprised when they see the new Sharkey. This talk about my losing my head on being hit is all nonsense, and I advise the public not to be deceived by such TOM SHARKEY.

RIGHT CROSS PICKS CORBETT. EVEN THING, SAYS NAUGHTON.

Famous Writers on Pugilism Size Up the Corbett-Sharkey Situation.

By Right Cross. HAVE had my last view of Corbett and Sharkey until they enter the arena of the Lenox Athletic Club to-night. I watched them work, listened attentively as to what each believes will happen to-night and have reached a conclusion. Barring the possibility of a foul, this evening's affair with gloves is going to be the greatest fight of the decade.

When the success in the ring have had aptitude for the business in one or two respects to start the success of all both was accounted.

of the fact that those brid training stories of former times have been a little backward, the men have worked faithfully. Sharkey, who possesses the most perfect man for a pugilistic career are speed, strength and "sand." Speed, in the writer's opinion, involves everything that pertains to dexterous movement of head, hand and the strength should mean the ability to fast as lightning, tireless as machinery and confident to the last degree. The possibility of being beaten has not occurred to him. With him it is simply a matter of getting the bell, chasing for a short time and then laying James J. away for keeps. That good wallop he gave Ruhlin has done its work. Forever before the eyes of the able seaman dances the pleture of the Coney Island Club, the glare of lights, a glant lying in a trembling heap and a crowd surging with craned necks. In his ears throbs the tumult which marks a certain knockout and the faraway, monotonous count of the referee which makes him the winner. Again he feels the grasp of excited hands as he leaves the ring. The picture is fixed upon his brain and he loves it. He expects to regeat his performance with Ruhlin on James J. Corbett.

Sharkey Likes Punishment,

with Ruhlin on James J. Corbett.

Sharkey Likes Punishment.

He admits that Corbett is clever, but what of It? He is a strong man, fast, and one good punch does the trick. He has taken punishment, likes it, and is willing to take those little jabs of Corbett's for his chance. Beyond a doubt he has improved in footwork since the Ruhlin affair, and he could move a bit then. He has learned to punch better and more accurately. He has made a study of Corbett's style and best of all, he has learned to control a temper concerning the working of which wild stories have been told. Of this I am assured.

He will be may almost be said to have lived a charmed life. It has been his custom to leap from his chair, administer a thorough trouncing to his adventage with never a hair of his adventage. All this, of course, was altered in his last contest—the one he fought out there in the sage brush country on that fell day in March. Then he came away with law swollen, a tooth missing and a kink in the ribs that sickened and saddened him. It was a novel and startling experience for corbett, my masters, a sad climax to a long string of triumphs, and it suggested but one thing—deterioration.

When the more correct conser to-might.

RECORDS OF

THE FIGHTERS.

Will be in Corbett's corner to-might.

RECORDS OF

THE FIGHTERS.

Will be in Corbett's corner to-might.

By W. W. Naughton.

have looked them both over carefully, but there is no case on record that I know

First of all, both men are fit. In spite out with, and have acquired other qualinof the fact that those lurid training stories cations as they bumped along the road to

CORBETT VS. SHARKEY TO-NIGHT. BOTH ARE CONFIDENT, BOTH IN SHAPE. AND BETS ARE 100 TO 80 ON JIM.



Corbett Leaving his Corner at the Lenox Athletic Club.

COME TO GRIEF.

out Billy Welch, San Francisco, O'Leary and Bergen Fall Dur-

LAST WORDS OF CORBETT BEFORE HE FIGHTS SHARKEY.

Never before in my ring career have I felt so confident of victory as I do in my contest with Tom Sharkey, at the Lenox Athletic Club to-night. In many of my previous fights I have encountered numerous obstacles which prevented me from doing justice to my work. In this match, everything has run along smoothly, and as a result I am in better condition physically than for some time past. I have followed a carefully laid down schedule in my training for five weeks, which has fit me to battle to a finish. I feel stronger

than when I fought last, and the idea of defeat has never entered my mind.
I believe I am Sharkey's superior in the art of self-defence, and will prove it for the second time to-night. My admirers, who think I have gone back, will find out otherwise after my contest with the sailor. I don't say, "Put all your money on me," but those who still have confidence in my abil-Ity to conquer any man in the ring as I did before that accident at Carson will not regret it when it is all over. When I meet Sharkey to-night I fage him on equal terms. Nothing can be based on our last contest. I was not trained at that time, and was obliged to finish my man in an unreasonable length of time. To-night I enter the ring prepared to stop my man whenever the opportunity is offered.

If I am successful, which I hope to be, Fitzsimmons will be my next opponent. I want to regain my laurels, which I lost off a fluke, and, if given a chance to fight for them, I am sure I will once more be champion of the JAMES J. CORBETT.

Bennings Entries.

Dal Hawkins, the lightweight, of Call-

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